Where the Wild Things Are

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Where the Wild Things Are

by Nadare

Summary

Meeting Will Graham at a party had been an unexpected pleasure. Falling hard for him with Hannibal unable to get his feelings across to the stubborn man less so. Thus Hannibal began following Will on his cryptid hunts, making use of his natural abilities to make both his and Will's dreams come true.

Notes

This work is based on Reapersun's lovely art series of a Cryptid Hunter Will encountering Hannibal in multiple monster guises. I wondered what kind of universe that would be, and this fic came to be. I'd love to know what you guys thought! :)

Status Quo

"Where the Wild Things Are"

"I'm telling you I'm impossible to hypnotize, Dr. Lecter," Pamela Wilson said as she took a seat on the couch in Hannibal's office, placing her purse beside her. "I'm only here because Bedelia swears by your success rate. Apparently, you've never failed."

Hannibal smiled as he took in Pam's demeanor, the way she spoke a bit too loudly to cover her nervousness, the minor tremble in her fingers. He knew from the recommendation he'd received that Pamela had endured much as a child, growing up in what seemed like a perfect home. From the outside, that was.

With a father, two older brothers, and a meek mother who had allowed others to walk all over her, it was no surprise that Pamela had suppressed the events that made up her childhood once she had escaped her family's clutches by entering college.

However, twenty years later and married with two kids of her own, Pamela had started to have horrible nightmares of her past. Her quickening dependency on sleep aids had led to her contacting a series of therapists to fix herself, which had yet to produce gratifying results.

"Mrs. Wilson, my record speaks for itself," Hannibal replied, taking his pocket watch out and holding it in his hand. "I never give up on a patient, and my methods are non-invasive. Rest assured, you'll walk out of here a changed woman."

Pamela scoffed. She fiddled with an unlit cigarette she pulled from her jacket pocket, proceeding to roll it deftly between her fingers. "Yeah, I'll believe it when I see it."

Eager to get on with proceedings, Hannibal let his pocket watch hang from his fingers, not at all shocked when Pamela rolled her eyes at the sight of it.

"Honestly, could you be any more cliche?"

Hannibal came to stand in front of his desk, leaning back against it. "I think you'll find the old methods work best."

She didn't look convinced, but Pamela didn't have to be. With a resigned sigh, she laid eyes on the watch as Hannibal set it swinging in the air.

After a moment, he gradually raised it to his face. Pamela's eyes went wide as she peered beyond the watch. Her breath quickened, Pamela jerking back against the couch, her unlit cigarette dropping to the floor as the scent of sweet fear filled the air.

Hannibal took a deep breath, feeling his stomach grumble. No matter, he had plenty of time to satisfy it.

“W-What the fuck? Your face…” Pamela was shaking in her seat, frozen where she sat in utter shock.

Drawing on the raw power simmering beneath the veneer of his human guise, Hannibal snapped his fingers. All the fear melted away from her body, Pamela staring ahead blankly. She was trapped like a fly in a spider’s web, unable to do anything to fight back against his influence.

“Pamela, why don’t you tell me everything your brothers did to you?” Hannibal quelled a shiver of anticipation at the fresh roll of panic as Pamela was forced to open her mouth. “And start at the beginning.”

With tears rolling down her cheeks, Pamela began talking and didn’t stop for the next hour. She relived every memory of abuse from the first time she became aware of it in vivid detail as Hannibal closed his eyes and drank in her terror, the feeling of helplessness and shame. The depth of her misery was exquisite. Pamela hated herself for never fighting back, and this too added to Hannibal’s banquet.

Each negative emotion was another chord he carefully unraveled in his quest to dive deep within her, not content with simply eating away at her surface trauma. The more she dwelled on the memories, the more Pamela felt them afresh as if she was a child once again, back at the mercy of her father and brothers’ unnatural appetites.

Though he was nowhere near fill as he would have liked, Hannibal cut himself off and opened his eyes. He checked his pocket watch and sighed. Pamela had barely scratched the surface of her past, but that would have to wait for another day. Unfortunately, their time together was up.

With regret, Hannibal released his mental hold on Pamela. She abruptly stopped talking, blinking madly as she came back to herself. She had no idea of what she had just been through, her last memory that of Hannibal dangling the watch from his fingers.

Pamela wiped at her damp cheeks, then stared at her shaking hands. “Did I…?” She was thoroughly confused as she dug into her purse for facial tissues.

In a fine mood thanks to the food Pamela had unwittingly provided for him, Hannibal nodded. “Yes, you responded well to the treatment. I’m sure with further sessions that I could dispel the cause of your nighttime distress completely.”

Pam looked up at him in wonder. “I do feel better,” she admitted. “Like a weight’s been lifted.” She laughed after blowing her nose. “And here I thought you were full of shit like the rest of them.”

While Hannibal hadn’t taken away the traumatic memories, he had eaten all the negative energy from them. Whenever Pam recalled them now, they would simply be a series of sounds and images, their previous power over her no more.

“I’m glad I could be of some help,” Hannibal replied, already thinking ahead to her future appointments. At only an hour a week with countless hours of horrors stored within Pam’s

memories, he would have many more guaranteed meals. “Would you like to continue your sessions with me?”

Finished putting her impeccable image back together as best she could, Pam nodded. “You’re expensive, but you’re good.” She pointed to the door. “Do I make the appointment with your secretary outside?”

“That you do. I’ll see you next week, Mrs. Wilson.” Hannibal waited until she had left the room to sit back against his desk. He’d be digesting what he had taken from Pamela the rest of the afternoon. “My thanks for a fine meal.”

With his practice, hunting for food was a thing of the past, humans too self-involved to realize they were being used. Too stupid to know an ancient horror when it looked them straight in the eyes.

In a way, humanity had devolved. Time-honored customs that had protected those from the supernatural becoming relics of the past as people embraced the march of progress, never looking back as they focused on convenience over simplicity.

Hannibal wouldn’t change a thing.

He took a seat at his desk and hit the intercom. “Send in the next patient, please.” As much as he’d taken, Hannibal still had room for more.

Alana and Margot’s engagement party was an unqualified success. With Mason’s mysterious disappearance just six months prior, anyone familiar with the Verger family seemed desperate to embrace the good news. Funnily enough, Margot wasn’t worried about Mason’s fate at all.

Invited by his colleague and old friend Alana, Hannibal had come to the party with a bottle of fine wine, swiftly making the rounds in the sea of familiar faces and outright strangers. One such man Hannibal had never seen before was sitting in the farthest corner, away from the main crowd, hunched over a thick book.

With his tousled brown hair and glasses, he didn’t appear to have any inclination to socialize with those in the large room, his attention entirely on the words he read in his book. Curious behavior. It made Hannibal wonder who he had come with and why he had bothered.

He radiated apathy, discomfort, and irritation. It was a heady combination Hannibal was hard-pressed to not partake in, the tiny nibble he took of it delicious. Misanthropy at its best.

Sitting next to him, Hannibal smiled. “Having fun, are we?”

The man looked up at him, the light reflecting off his glasses before revealing warm blue eyes. He was not traditionally attractive, but there was something about his soft features that caught Hannibal’s attention. A keen intelligence lurked just below the surface.

Hannibal looked down at the man’s book, amazed at the choice of reading material. It wasn’t something an ordinary person would pick. He’d read it, of course. “Has Sigurd killed the

dragon yet?"

The man's features relaxed, his body language not so stiff anymore. "Yes, he's in the process of climbing the mountain now. Do you read many mythology books?"

"You could say it's a personal interest, though I favor the old more than the new," Hannibal said, enjoying the irony of the statement. "Yourself?"

"A little of both actually," the man replied. He leaned forward a little. "I'm Will."

Hannibal thought the name suited him. Quiet, unassuming. "Hannibal." He put his head to the side, not surprised Will hadn't offered to shake his hand. He didn't appear to be much of a touchy-feely person. "I'm a friend of Alana's. We used to work together before I started my own practice."

A hard glint entered Will's eyes, Hannibal regretful he'd mentioned anything. Was it the psychiatrist occupation he objected to? Odd. Perhaps he'd had a negative experience with them in his past somewhere.

"I don't think she's ever mentioned you before." Ah, so Will also knew Alana. It seemed unlikely he'd come with any of the other higher-class partygoers.

"I'm beginning to wish she had," Hannibal said wistfully, Will looking away self-consciously at the statement. Ah, too forward, was it? "I don't know many who would read *The Volsunga Saga* for pleasure after all."

Slowly, one corner of Will's mouth quirked up. "I'm a college professor at UB. It'll go on the syllabus next semester. Maybe one of these days I can talk Jack into letting me do a cryptozoology course."

His interest piqued, Hannibal raised an eyebrow. "As an elective surely, especially with how much evidence turns out to be a hoax in the end." He found it amusing how desperate some people were to believe that the supernatural existed. Hannibal was living proof it did, but that was hardly something he wanted to announce to the general public.

"Science and technology are improving all the time," Will replied, closing his book, Hannibal having taken his full attention. "The resources we devote to the subject will yield results eventually. I truly believe that."

And so it went, Hannibal playing devil's advocate while Will argued for the legitimacy of the field of cryptozoology as a whole. He explained himself in clear concise language, intelligence, and passion within his words. Hannibal couldn't help but admire him for his misguided beliefs.

"You boys getting along?" Alana called out as she approached them, Will's tirade into the woeful lack of reliable eyewitnesses interrupted. "I couldn't help but notice how animated you've been over here the last few hours."

Will looked at Hannibal thoughtfully. “It’s been a very interesting conversation.” He paused awkwardly before asking, “Right?”

“Indeed,” Hannibal confirmed. “Will’s been teaching me all sorts of things. I hope he can continue to do so in the future.”

Busying himself with adjusting his glasses, Will gave a barely noticeable nod. “Yeah.”

Alana smirked knowingly as she met Hannibal’s gaze for a second. “Excellent, I’m glad you found something to occupy your time.” She gestured behind her, at the fast-lessening crowd in the room. “You probably haven’t noticed, but it’s getting pretty late.”

Hannibal glanced at Will, pleased to see interest in his gaze. “Then I’ll leave you my details. Contact me whenever you please.” He hadn’t expected to meet such an interesting man tonight. It had made attending the party a worthwhile endeavor.

Will smiled, the unexpected sight causing something to tighten within Hannibal's chest. “I will.”

Yes, Hannibal most definitely owed Alana a thank you card.

Three Years Later…

“Are you sure you can’t watch Winston and the other dogs for me?” Will asked as he walked back from his dresser, a bundle of clothes in hand. It looked to be all denim and flannel, which was par for the course with his minimal effort at fashion.

Hannibal, far too used to the finer things in life, hid a shudder and shook his head. “I’m afraid not. I have an out-of-town engagement with a patient of mine. They’re very set in their ways.”

“Sounds like a pain in the ass,” Will replied shortly, making Hannibal snort at the ironic nature of his remark.

As usual, Will had completely missed the subtext underlining Hannibal’s statement. Though he was not a patient, Will was proving to be a most difficult man to get through to, all matter of hints and suggestions Hannibal dropped ignored.

“Yes, you have no idea,” Hannibal said. “But their health is important to me, so I persevere regardless.” He cleared his throat. “Anyway, where did you say you were headed again?”

Will closed his suitcase, the only items he was missing were his toiletries. Those would come when he left for his trip the following morning.

“The New Jersey Pinelands. Well, Wharton State Forest to be exact. I’ve reserved one of the more primitive campsites so I can set up all my equipment without any interference. If nothing else, it’ll be a nice weekend away from it all.”

“You never know, Will,” Hannibal replied. “You could always find what you’re looking for out there.”

His work was never done.

Hannibal followed Will’s car from a distance as he made the long drive to New Jersey, making sure to keep his own rented vehicle far enough back so as not to arouse any suspicion. Then it was a simple matter of entering the State Park and following the scent trail Will unwittingly made as he trudged to the campsite he had reserved for the weekend.

As he watched Will make camp from the cover of the trees, Hannibal briefly loathed his taste in men. Hannibal had dropped hint after hint of his feelings for Will, but he was oblivious so far, too focused on his side hobby as an amateur cryptozoologist. A college professor by day, and a monster hunter by night.

It was so much lore and theory, at least until Hannibal came along. With his abilities, Will finally found the proof he was looking for…and a whole lot more. Knowing Will would never connect him to such mythological creatures, Hannibal had quickly taken advantage of his friend and satiated himself.

They’d played this game three times before, Hannibal extremely careful to make sure Will’s proof of their encounter was somehow unusable by the end, or so suspect that he would never be able to prove anything to anyone. It wouldn’t do for centuries of lurking unseen in the shadows to come to nothing after all.

Leaving Will to finish his set-up, Hannibal moved to another section of the park. He closed his eyes and extended his senses as far as they could go, confirming he truly was alone. So far, all of Will’s hunts had taken him to relatively tranquil areas of the country, which was a blessing in disguise for Hannibal.

Tonight, it was the Jersey Devil. Hannibal had done his research well in advance, his sole frustration at how the creature’s appearance varied from person to person. Some liberties would have to be taken to ensure Will’s safety throughout their encounter.

Closing his eyes after stripping and carefully storing his clothes in a vinyl bag nearby, Hannibal concentrated on the image within his mind. In seconds, heat filled Hannibal's limbs as they twisted into their new dimensions, his insides contorting in discomfort before ultimately settling. A layer of dark black fur raced across the surface of his skin, covering Hannibal from head to toe.

The transformation complete, Hannibal stomped one cloven hoof as he tried out the long forked prehensile tail at his back. Yes, it would do nicely. Shame about the goat head that left doing anything with his mouth aside from licking out of the proceedings, but the large leathery wings on his back made up for the disadvantage.

In his home country of Lithuania, Hannibal and his ilk were considered demons, able to change their forms at will to better feed on the fear and other negative emotions inherent in humanity.

While Hannibal occasionally enjoyed the fright he incited in others, he'd evolved from using his shapeshifting capabilities to do so. Not when it was so much easier in human form, as well as much less risky. His appetite was far easier to appease now that he had a wide client base at his disposal. Time had indeed been kind to Hannibal.

Making a note to watch his clawed hands and the large antlers protruding from the sides of his forehead, lest they accidentally injure Will, Hannibal put his head back and screamed, the high-pitched sound echoing long into the woods.

He imagined Will's head snapping up in attention as he scrambled to finish setting up his equipment. Hannibal would give him time to settle into his campsite before making his grand entrance once night had fallen. Until then, he would explore the area and scout out a suitable location for later.

His hooves trod quietly across the ground as Hannibal moved from each corner of Will's campsite, easily knocking aside any video cameras he spied in the trees. He knew Will would likely have his own digital camera on hand, but that would be easy enough to take care of.

Will was sitting before a fire, the remnants of his dinner on a rock near his feet. It looked to be seasoned rice and nearly burnt sausage. A talented cook Will was not.

He looked tired, looking out around him every few minutes. When Will's head started to tilt forward, his early start that morning coming back to haunt him, Hannibal let out a long growl, making sure to purposely brush a tree, its leaves rustling loudly.

"Oh, shit."

Wasting no more time, Hannibal walked forward into the small clearing. Rather than merely stare in shock, Will grabbed the camera hanging from his neck. He got off one shot off before Hannibal used his tail to grab him around the waist. He lifted him off the ground, Will trying and failing to grab his falling camera as he hung in the air.

That sweet scent he'd known in other cryptid forms returned, and Hannibal couldn't help but use his long tongue to lick down the side of Will's face, relishing the shudder that ran through Will's body.

Rather than the fear he'd expected upon appearing from the darkness, Will's heart was beating double-time…in excitement. He watched Hannibal with wide eyes but made no panicked movements that would have forced Hannibal to bind Will further.

He didn't have the right shape mouth to form words, but Hannibal grunted happily, beginning to head back to the wooded area he'd scouted earlier for privacy and comfort. It was also miles from other people and their prying eyes. The best of both worlds.

In all his previous skins, Hannibal had given Will the option of running away…and he never had. He was a stupidly brave man that would have probably died if any of his precious cryptids actually existed and approached Will in the wild.

“Beautiful,” Will muttered underneath his breath, Hannibal pausing to look at him. His current look was anything but being a combo of many different animal parts.

Fearful the blood was rushing to Will’s head, Hannibal turned him right side up as he continued his trek through the trees. Flying would have been more convenient but also put Hannibal at risk of being seen by others.

There, the clearing before the small cave. Perfect. Hannibal gently put Will onto the ground onto a pile of leaves, purposely turning away to the side in case Will wanted to beat a fast retreat. Instead, Will shakily got to his feet and stood there, watching Hannibal closely.

Deciding to test the depth of Will’s resolve, Hannibal stepped closer and leaned down towards him, his breath gusting out heavily in Will’s face. The man before him took a deep breath and raised a hand, his fingers shaking as he touched the side of Hannibal’s face.

Will’s eyes lit up in awe. “You’re softer than I thought you’d be.” He was almost petting Hannibal as he worked his fingers through the thick fur on his cheek. “It’s nice.”

Of course, Hannibal didn’t want Will’s experience with him to be something of horror. Still, he had never expected Will to touch him freely. He was getting more brazen all the time.

His chest warming, reminded why he went to so much trouble to follow Will on his hunts, Hannibal pressed his face deeper into Will’s hand. He moved his clawed hands to Will’s clothes, ripping through one of his sleeves by accident.

Color flooded Will’s cheeks as he took a step back. “Is that what you brought me here for?” He glanced back at the cave. “To your den?” Hannibal could only imagine the thoughts milling about in Will’s mind, the excuses he told himself to stay where he was. Gather evidence, memorize everything so he could log it down later.

Hannibal gently grasped Will’s shoulder, peering at Will’s face as he used his tail to trail up the rip he’d left in Will’s shirt, his bare skin a bit chilly against his fur. The short brush of it on Will’s upper chest made him start briefly, his breath hitching when the forked end of his tail swept across Will’s right nipple.

He didn’t seem to hate it, Hannibal repeating the action across his left one as well before he moved onto Will’s stomach, his fingers struggling to undo the clasp of Will’s belt. Hannibal paused in wonder when Will himself did it for him, his zipper following shortly after.

Hannibal slowly bent forward, licking the corner of Will’s mouth. He drew in a sharp breath, and Hannibal pressed his advantage, a shock of heat going through him as the edge of his tongue met Will’s. He growled, feeling Will shudder against him, his eyes fluttering shut.

Hannibal would have smirked if he could. He gripped Will’s hips, his fingers slipping past the rim of his boxers as Will fisted his hands against his chest, a low groan slipping out of his mouth. His head jerked up as Hannibal’s tail wrapped around his cock that had been freed, relishing Will’s gasp of disbelief.

So far, he'd been nothing but a willing participant, but then this wasn't the first time Will had slept with a monster. Hannibal wondered if Will thought all cryptids were sexually aggressive or if it was simply something about Will, a pheromone perhaps, that made them want to mate with him specifically.

Tonight was all about Will's pleasure, and Hannibal devoted himself to it, going as slow as he dared. With the size difference, there was only so much he could do until they got to the main event. Hannibal hissed between his teeth when Will groaned, his body going tense for a moment.

Too much, too soon.

He pulled his tail back, Will's look of disappointment not lost on him. If Hannibal's vocal cords weren't limited to an animal's, he would have reassured Will their business was far from finished.

Will's eyes went wide as Hannibal knelt down before him, pulling his pants down to his knees. Even then, he had pressed closer until his tongue could reach towards Will's bottom, the man grunting at the wet touch on his right cheek. Hannibal slid his tongue into Will, the hot pressure clenching around him until Will relaxed.

Hannibal delved deeper, thankful he'd allowed himself to take liberties with the Jersey Devil's appearance. Otherwise, the task wouldn't have been near as fun as it was. He set his sights on the prize, prodding the prostate hard, determined to bring Will to his knees.

He was breathing hard, one arm extended over Hannibal's shoulder. "F-Fuck." Hannibal stroked deeper, pleased as Will hunched over, moaning under his breath. His finish was quick, trembling against Hannibal the whole time. So adorable that he didn't mind the way Will dug fingernails into his skin.

Removing his tongue, Hannibal licked up what liquid remained on Will's cock, transferring it to his bottom. He would still have to go slow but between that and his saliva, they could make do. He pulled Will close, his gaze lingering on Hannibal's lower half in obvious concern, and he supposed he couldn't blame him. He was massive as he towered over Will by a good foot and a half. Luckily, he had a trick up his sleeve.

He lowered his head, his frame shrinking down, muscles and bones reforming until he felt he had pared his size down enough. Startled by the hands that lowered to his shoulders, Hannibal looked up to see Will grinning excitedly, almost on eye level with him now.

"This explains why the eyewitness accounts vary so much," Will said in a rush, looking thoughtful for a moment. "But where does the extra mass go when you're small like this?"

Growing impatient with his questions, Hannibal gripped Will's hips tighter, holding him up slightly, reminding him why they were here and what was about to happen. Will chuckled as his arms shifted around Hannibal's neck obligingly, and Hannibal surged forward, sinking himself home inside Will.

He was hot and tight, pulsing around Hannibal as Will panted. His nerves were aflame, bliss sweeping throughout Hannibal's body. He pulled back, loving the way Will held him close, his breath a wild thing against his ear. Making sure to grab Will's cock with his tail, Hannibal shifted forward, tension beginning to coil in the pit of his stomach.

Will moaned, sending a shiver down Hannibal's spine at the earnest sound of pleasure. Though Will's self-esteem issues wouldn't let him admit it, he could be very erotic when he wanted to be. It was why Hannibal couldn't leave him alone, unable to deny his hunger for the man after failing to catch his attention as his human self.

"Your eyes," Will panted, Hannibal pausing mid-stroke to listen to him. "Remind me of someone." A feeling of apprehension washed over him. His guises were flawless, there was no way Will could have guessed at his real identity. "But maybe I'm just seeing what I want."

His short self-decretive laugh tore at Hannibal's heart. How did Will not realize how very special he was?

Thinking that he might have a chance with Will after all, Hannibal snapped his hips forward. Will grunted, Hannibal squeezing his bottom as he licked at Will's neck. He nipped lightly, trying not to leave any marks on him.

Perhaps next time, Hannibal might be able to come with Will on one of his cryptid hunting trips…as himself. He'd have to stop playing around and lay his heart on the table. Whether or not Will would accept it he didn't know.

Snorting, excited at the prospect of changing the status quo between them, Hannibal's steady pace faltered. He doubled down, Will's breath cutting off abruptly as he gasped, burying his head against Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal followed closely behind the man's climax, breathing heavily as he hugged Will close, pleasure blanking out his mind for a time.

Once he had climbed down from the sexual high, Hannibal simply enjoyed being close to Will, his bodily satisfaction far less important than his emotional one.

It had been wonderful, but the longer Hannibal stayed, the more he would be tempted to let Will do as he wished, and providing samples, or any further pictures were out of the question.

With regret, Hannibal pulled back, putting Will's back against a tree should his balance be in question. He lurked over him, eyeing the sweat on Will's brow, the color in his face. He looked tired but happy.

"Hey, can you speak at al-" Hannibal cut off what could only be the start of Will's questions by giving his cheek one final lick, then reluctantly ran in the other direction, folding his wings over his back.

The forest gave him enough cover as Hannibal put distance between himself and Will until he reached a familiar wooded area far from Will's campsite. He shed the Jersey Devil skin, resuming his normal human form. Hannibal retrieved the vinyl bag he had left his clothes in, dressing in short order.

He’d leave Will to recover over the next few days, but for now, Hannibal had to return to Baltimore. He would ask after the rest of Will’s trip when he got back.

Will opened the door, shooting Hannibal a grin before letting him into the house. Any more sensitive dogs in the vicinity immediately cleared out, ill at ease with Hannibal’s presence. “How'd things work out with your client?”

“I like to think we're making progress,” Hannibal replied, surreptitiously examining Will as he took off his coat. “But I have a feeling it'll be a while before things settle in the way I'd like them to.”

Having been unable to stay with him in the woods for any aftercare, Hannibal noted that there were a few bandages on his neck and hands. He'd done his best to be gentle in the Jersey Devil skin, so the injuries could only have come from activities Will had done after Hannibal had left.

Will looked a little pale but seemed none the worse for wear. “How was your hunting? Catch any good footage?” Hannibal well knew Will had gotten one blurry snapshot before things had progressed in the usual way, and he'd been distracted from his quest.

“I did find what I was looking for,” Will said, his eyes lifting to meet Hannibal's as he flushed a little. “But as usual, providing proof of my experience will be difficult.”

Little wonder why. Will was being pleasured by a plethora of supernatural creatures and couldn’t tell anyone.

Hannibal reached out and squeezed Will's shoulder. “I'm certain you will succeed in the future.” He gestured to the kitchen. “Now I'd like to make dinner because I’m sure you ate all matter of junk food over the weekend. Is that all right with you?”

Though he didn't have to partake in traditional food and drink to survive, Hannibal enjoyed the fine process of cooking, as well as consuming the end result. He always strived for perfection.

Will shrugged. “You know I never turn down one of your meals.”

As he moved past Will, Hannibal vowed that one day he’d be with Will in his human body without using any tricks. And if Hannibal ever revealed himself for what he truly was, he had hope Will might accept him.

Until then, what Will didn’t know wouldn’t hurt him, would it?

Reveal

Chapter Summary

Will finally confronts Hannibal, and the results are not what he anticipated.

Chapter Notes

Prompts- Beast, Fur, and Woods.

If you thought the Jersey Devil was wild, how do you feel about the Beast of Bray Road? ;)

"Where the Wild Things Are"

Chapter Two: Reveal

"You're an idiot, Will," Alana said, picking up her wine glass. The spaghetti she had made for dinner had been delicious, Will easily clearing his plate. "But then, so is Hannibal for putting up with you for so long."

The sole reason he could take her being so frank was the fact he'd known her for years. She understood his struggles to keep active in his social circle, much less try to date anyone. "But it's not like he's shown any sign of wanting to be more than friends."

Alana narrowed her brow. "Don't take this the wrong way, but you can be rather oblivious sometimes. Are you absolutely sure he's not interested in pursuing a relationship with you?"

Will stood up and busied himself with collecting the dishes and silverware from the table as he looked back at the time that he'd spent with Hannibal thus far. He was a talented cook and conversationalist, never looking down on Will for his strange hobbies. Rather, he took a great interest in them, which made Will feel like he was really being seen and heard by Hannibal. Unlike the general public, most of which dismissed them automatically.

Hannibal was also supportive, kind, and except for when he had to tend to his patients, was always there for Will when he needed him. Was it any wonder that Will fell for him?

"I don't even know if he's interested in things like that," Will replied, tightening his grip on the plates in his grasp. "He seems above base desires."

Alana chuckled. “Trust me, he’s human like everyone else, no matter how composed he appears.”

Will tried imagining Hannibal in the bedroom, his oh-so-careful facade undone by raw desire. Hannibal’s cheeks filled with color as his smooth, cultured voice hitched, eyes fluttering closed as he unconsciously pressed closer to…

“Will?”

Aware of the sudden blood that had rushed to his bottom half, Will turned towards the kitchen. “L-Let me just take these into the kitchen.” Alana said nothing, but the sparkle in her eye implied she knew the nature of Will’s naughty thoughts.

With Alana’s wife out of town on business, he had looked forward to catching up with her, at least until the conversation had shifted to his feelings for Hannibal, something he had only recently become aware of.

As he let the sink fill with water, soapy suds rising to form a thick film on top, Will heard Alana approach him in the kitchen. He took the empty wine glasses she offered and stuck them in the sink, biting his lower lip.

“Alana,” he said before turning off the tap. “What if I confess, and he turns me down?” The beginnings of a half-baked plan simmered in the back of his mind. Will just had to get Hannibal somewhere isolated where he could muster up the courage to finally say what was most important.

Alana’s face softened as she touched Will’s hand. “He won’t. You two are thick as thieves. Besides, if he lets someone like you get away, Hannibal doesn’t know a good thing when he sees it.”

Staring at her strong features, Will was reminded that years ago, he used to have a crush on her. It never went past the minor admiration phase, though, which was good because Alana had met Margot shortly after, going off the market permanently. Love at first sight had been indeed real for her.

“Now, I think I saw some ice cream the last time I was here,” Alana said, easily defusing the tension-filled atmosphere. “What say we get a few scoops and talk about where you’re going for your next hunt?”

Will couldn’t help smiling. Besides Hannibal, she was the only one who found his cryptid hobby interesting. He could show Alana the meager proof he’d been able to provide, all the blurry photos and half-cast footprints, and she regularly let him ramble on until he’d run out of things to say.

“Okay, dessert sounds good.”

“You kidding? It sounds great.” She pulled out the chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream that had been languishing in the back of the freezer, something he’d brought on clearance the last time he’d been grocery shopping.

Alana opted to use a spoon rather than an ice cream scooper. She handed Will a bowl with two large lumps in it. “So, what’s your next target?”

The sweet bite of vanilla ice cream and cookie dough all but melted on his tongue as Will swallowed. “Ever heard of the Beast of Bray Road?”

Though Hannibal hadn’t said a word since Will put the horror movie on, his face more than communicated his distaste for it. Will knew he was into higher-brow material like documentaries and foreign films, but Hannibal would never speak out against Will's interests unjustly.

For living in a higher tax bracket and a completely different world than him, Hannibal was unlike anyone he had ever met. Will had never seen a single hair out of place on his head, nor his friend clad in anything less than expensive designer brands. To say nothing of his finer appetite for food, using ingredients Will would have never eaten without Hannibal buying them for their dinner get-togethers.

“Is this research for an upcoming trip?” Hannibal asked, his smooth voice ringing out, the tiniest hint of his accent lacing the end of his words. He’d patiently waited until the movie had ended and the credits rolled on the screen to speak aloud.

Will had been too busy watching Hannibal from the corner of his eye to see how the Beast of Bray Road had met its grisly end and had to take a moment to gather himself together. “It is,” he replied, adjusting his glasses and hoping Hannibal didn’t inquire if he’d enjoyed the film. “Wisconsin isn’t far, and I’d love to see it in person.”

That was an understatement. Ever since seeing “The Wolfman” with his dad as a kid, Will had always had an interest in shapeshifters. Being able to hide in plain sight was an attribute Will admired. For someone who had issues with navigating the world at large, there were so many times Will wished he could do the same.

“And this,” Hannibal said, gesturing to the animated menu on the TV that featured the Beast with its jaws wide open, sharp teeth threatening to swallow the various viewing options whole. “Doesn’t put you off? It would be a pity for you to die as soon as you lay eyes on the beast.”

Though he said nothing of his past experiences with cryptozoological creatures in the past, Will had never been hurt by any of them. He firmly believed they were merely misunderstood, driven away from humanity in an effort to protect themselves.

Will got up from the couch to take the DVD out of the player. The majority of the movie, before he’d been too distracted by Hannibal, hadn’t been that good, but he had enjoyed the practical effects utilized for the werewolf. “I can always take protection if need be. I’m not so naïve to think myself infallible.”

Halfway to the bookshelf to store the DVD case, he glanced back at Hannibal, who was brushing a few stray animal hairs off his knees. Only two of his dogs had remained in the

room throughout the movie, sharing the bed in the far corner. His pets' lukewarm reaction to Hannibal had always somewhat puzzled him.

"Would you-," Will faltered, his heart pounding in his chest. "Would you want to come with me this time?"

Surprise lit across Hannibal's features, an earnest smile appearing a second later. "I would be honored, Will. But why now and not on any of your previous trips?"

Will scrambled to explain his reasoning. For being someone who spent all week talking at relative strangers at UB, he hated having to actually converse with others. Present exception excluded, of course.

Admittedly, he was interested in how Hannibal would handle camping in the wilderness with little to no modern conveniences. Not that he would say that out loud.

"You seem more interested in the Bray Beast than any of my other cryptids."

Hannibal sat forward in his seat, lacing his long fingers together. "Yes, I'll admit that a werewolf managing to survive this long without detection is rather intriguing. I wonder how such a creature breeds without diluting its genes?"

Heat rose in Will's face as his knowledge of canine anatomy rose to the forefront of his mind. "There are theories that the Beast is an actual species and not one lone creature. That would account for the multiple sightings over the years."

"I see," Hannibal replied. "Perhaps we can confirm or deny that soon."

Will couldn't wait.

"Have you got everything?" Will asked Hannibal as he placed his bag in the backseat. He was stunned to see his friend in simple tan slacks and a black flannel shirt. Will hadn't even known Hannibal owned casual clothing, so used to his handsome variety of suits. He looked away when Hannibal glanced at him.

"I believe so." Hannibal gestured to the phone Will had in the drink holder. "I hope you don't mind, but I upgraded our accommodations."

Will wasn't surprised, especially when Hannibal hadn't seemed gun-ho about the idea of camping when Will brought it up during a planning session. He was disappointed he wouldn't be able to see his friend out of his element, though. Perhaps another time.

"You didn't have to do that." Will preferred going rough and tumble on his trips because it was cheaper than motels, and he didn't make a huge amount of money as a professor.

"I wanted to," Hannibal replied, his gaze going to the radio. "It's nothing too fancy, a cabin instead of tents. You will still be able to investigate in the woods as you please."

Classical music poured out of his car speakers a moment later, Will allowing himself to relax a bit as he drove towards the freeway. “Thank you.” He purposely didn’t think about the fact he would share sleeping quarters with Hannibal for the weekend. Better to worry about the issue once they were actually there.

“You are very welcome, Will.” Hannibal picked up the paper map behind Will’s phone, his gaze lingering on the circled areas Will had marked a few days ago. The places others had reportedly seen the Beast of Bray Road. “Would you like me to navigate?”

If he were alone, Will would have simply used the GPS on his phone, but he thought it would be nice to have Hannibal direct him instead. “Please.”

“My pleasure.”

Later That Evening…

He slipped out of the bed as silently as he could, grabbing a flashlight before he left the cabin. It was cold outside, Will’s breath visible in the air as he exhaled. He hunched down into his coat, taking advantage of its growing warmth against his skin.

It was no coincidence that he’d chosen to go on this hunt on the weekend during a full moon. The preliminary examination he and Hannibal had made of the forest nearby hadn’t yielded anything but doubts that Will was wasting his time.

Yet despite what he’d come out here for, the real reason he’d asked Hannibal along was fast approaching, and Will’s hands were beginning to sweat. He had never been good with confrontation, but he had to know one way or another.

Hannibal had left the cabin without a word, and Will trailed after him, hoping he wasn’t about to make a terrible mistake. He’d made sure Alana knew where he was, her promise she would take care of his dogs unknowingly sending Will on his brave, perhaps foolish, path.

A twig broke under Will’s foot as he walked past a tree, and he winced, Hannibal pausing in front of him, his head slowly turning to look at the source of the sound.

Will could feel the weight of Hannibal’s gaze as it landed on him. It was the first time he had ever felt fear in his friend’s presence. Maybe it was just his imagination, but Hannibal seemed to stand a little straighter upon seeing him.

“Is something wrong, Will?” he asked, sounding so nonplussed that Will’s determination weakened for a second. “I couldn’t sleep and went to get some fresh air. It’s so quiet out here. Did you encounter the same problem?”

Telling himself it was now or never, Will stepped forward and grabbed Hannibal’s wrist.

“Will?”

He took a deep breath, taking in Hannibal’s puzzled expression. Will hoped he didn’t react too badly to what Will was about to say. Still, he’d come this far, hadn’t he?

“You didn’t have to leave,” Will said, hearing his voice shake a little. “I wanted you to stay. You don’t have to be afraid of me.”

Hannibal looked confused. “I'm sorry? Will, why would I be?”

For such an intelligent man, Hannibal wasn’t getting it. However, Will had always struggled to articulate his thoughts when he was put on the spot, which didn’t help matters. “I *know*, Hannibal.”

The blank look Hannibal gave Will said he had to be blatant with his confession. “I know that this isn’t the first time that you’ve accompanied me on my hunts.”

Something in Hannibal’s eyes went flat, his body language stiff as he pulled away from Will, who was suddenly aware of a giant gulf between them. He cursed himself for ruining things.

“Will, is there perhaps something you’re not telling me?” Hannibal’s voice had gone calm like he was talking to one of his patients, and Will hated it.

“Can we go back to the cabin?” Will asked, wanting to see Hannibal more clearly than under the light of a full moon. “I can explain further there.”

“Very well.” It was silent during the short walk back, Will dreading the impending conversation. For better or worse, their relationship would never be the same again.

As the cabin door clicked shut behind them, Will watched Hannibal take a seat on the couch after placing his jacket on the back of it. He extended an arm along it casually as if Will hadn’t accused him of anything underhanded.

“Will, if you please explain yourself,” Hannibal said, his words carefully measured. “I’d be most appreciative.”

Pacing, hugging his middle, Will just came out with it. “You’re not human, Hannibal. Your disguise is exceptional, but a monster lurks underneath it.”

For a very long moment, Will thought he’d doomed himself to an early grave by revealing what he knew as Hannibal peered at him coldly. Until resignation flowed into his shoulders, and he sat back in his seat.

“How long have you suspected me?” he asked quietly.

Will’s knees nearly gave way on him. He’d never thought Hannibal would reveal himself outright. Working off the vast amount of relief and elation of being proved right, Will went to his bag and took out a file folder that had been lying on the bottom of it.

“I only figured it out recently, after my trip to New Jersey a month ago.”

He threw the folder onto the table in front of Hannibal, who lifted it up and opened the folder slowly. A few birth certificates and newspaper articles littered the contents. At the very bottom of the papers were rental car records, the dates correlating with Will’s hunting trips.

“Every time I was gone, so were you. A friend I have in the FBI was nice enough to help me fill in the rest. There’s not much on you because I think you’ve been very careful through the years. I admit that I don’t know exactly what you are, but you’re not wholly human, and you seem to enjoy…messing with me.”

“Care to hazard a guess, Will? You must have a working theory.” The way he kept using his name was somehow scary as if Hannibal was trying to put distance between them.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained. “You’re some kind of shapeshifter.”

Hannibal dropped the folder into his lap, a sound rising from him that Will recognized as laughter. A deep-throated kind that made him think of dark places. “It had to be you, didn’t it? Your unrelenting interest in the paranormal completely unmasked me.”

“I can’t help it,” Will confessed. “I always want to know more about the things I care about.”

Something flitted in and out of Hannibal’s expression so fast Will couldn’t read it, then he was too focused on Hannibal as he stood up and walked towards him.

Will was reminded of nature documentaries where lions stalked their prey, Hannibal’s movements silent, smooth, and beautiful. He’d pounce, catching Will in his claws, and that would be it for him. Will stepped back on instinct, his back hitting the wall behind him. There was no way out because Hannibal would never allow it.

“Will.” The way he said the name was soft and intimate, Hannibal’s eyes locked with Will’s, the depth of emotion he saw there mesmerizing. Hannibal looked naked in front of him despite being fully clothed. “Exactly how much do you care about me?”

His chest tightened at the question, hating the way panic filled him. Will had loathed Hannibal at first, his type born with a silver spoon in his mouth, which meant he’d never had to work for anything in his life, looking down at those who did.

Of course, once Hannibal had talked to him, Will realized his misconceptions, the man friendly and easy to talk to about anything. He’d swiftly become someone Will didn’t hesitate to rely on when he had to, always looking forward to their time together.

“I…” Hannibal hadn’t left him any form of escape. No statements Will could easily misconstrue into something benign and innocent, much to Hannibal’s frustration over the past few months. “Enough to forgive you for pulling the wool over my eyes for so long.”

Hannibal reached out and brushed Will’s fingers with his own, shortly taking his hand. He kissed the back of it, the rising heat in his eyes striking Will in his core.

“You mean taking on other skins and pleasuring you? I always gave you a choice, and you always stayed.” Hannibal smirked. “You have very adventurous tastes for a human, which I have to admire. Precious few have looked me straight in the eye and still wanted to remain in my presence.”

Will swallowed the lump in his throat, fisting the free hand at his side as the urge to touch Hannibal hit him. They had to talk this out first, not get distracted. “I don’t know what your true form is, but you didn’t have to cater to my every desire.”

“I did, actually,” Hannibal replied, stepping forward, one last inch remaining between them. “Because it made you happy.”

The breath rushed out of Will as he realized that they had all but confessed to each other without saying the actual words. He found didn’t want to use any more of them.

Overwhelmed with the rush of emotions flooding him, Will pressed forward, his mouth brushing against Hannibal’s lightly. Always before, he had been in non-human form, Hannibal’s anatomy usually too strange to indulge in much kissing, but now his lips were soft and warm, Will eager to prod them further.

He’d startled Hannibal, but not for long as he closed the short distance between him, flicking his tongue against Will’s. He explored further, exploiting any sensitive spots he discovered without mercy, Will groaning under his breath.

He grabbed Hannibal’s shoulders, his fingers beginning to tremble, along with the rest of his body, when it was clear Hannibal was going to ensure he didn’t experience any disappointment in their encounter.

Dizziness seized Will as the man against him gently bit his lower lip. While he was warm inside the cabin, it was nothing compared to the fire gradually consuming Will’s insides.

“Do you want to go further?” Will asked breathlessly when he took a deep breath. While he had always planned on confronting Hannibal, Will hadn’t thought they’d end up doing something like this.

Hannibal chuckled. “Do you want me to admit that I upgraded our accommodations for this very possibility?”

Will shook his head in disbelief. “How long?” he asked, hoping his real question underneath the simple one would get answered.

The questing movements against Will’s mouth and waist stopped as Hannibal broke away, his breath unsteady. “Since I grew to care for you?” A beat. “Nearly a month after we met when I followed you on your first hunt. I expected you to run upon seeing me, but you kept filming with your camcorder instead. I realized that you were perhaps the bravest man I've ever met. I’m really a very simple monster at heart, Will, because you seduced me then and there.”

Will flushed, arousal sweeping through him at the remainder of being filled and then some, that first encounter cementing the fact he had been right about the existence of the supernatural. If he was honest, the thought of fleeing had never even occurred to him.

“Hannibal.” He grabbed the man’s shirt and pulled it out of his jeans. “Let’s go to bed.”

“Very well, that suits me fine.” Hannibal extended a hand towards his bedroom, and nervously, Will went first, not quite believing his luck.

“Do you bring anything for this?” Will didn’t engage in sex often enough to carry a kit around for it.

“I was prepared for any eventuality, though I lived in hope that something such as this should come to be,” Hannibal admitted.

The statement was more than it appeared to be at first. Hannibal was more than willing to screw him, but if things had gone south between them, much as it pained him to do it, he would have killed Will for his audacity as well.

The sound of a drawer closing brought Will out of his morbid thoughts, Hannibal holding a small bottle in his hand. What they were actually about to do hit him, and Will had to sit down on the side of the bed or else fall.

“Do you have any preference, Will?” Hannibal asked, taking a seat beside him. “I am happy to take whichever role you decide.”

The question made his head spin. Will opted for honesty rather than putting up a front. “It’s, uh, been a while, so maybe you should take charge.” That was an understatement, but Will wasn’t about to reveal how long it had been for him.

Hannibal laid a hand on Will’s cheek, turning his face to meet his. “I must admit the amount of trust you have in me is a little frightening.”

Will found it hard to believe that the big, bad shapeshifter was scared of him. Wasn’t it only practical that the more experienced one took charge?

Leaning forward, Will kissed Hannibal, meaning it to be a short peck. Instead, he couldn’t help lingering, the meeting of mouths evolving into something that made him dizzy. And Hannibal was just using one part of his anatomy. God.

The light touch on his pants made Will jump once they had parted, watching the passion in Hannibal’s eyes as he slid his hand down until he had grasped Will’s cock. He’d been half-erect already but became rock-hard within Hannibal’s fingers in seconds.

“Would you like to see what you came here for?” Hannibal asked, voice low, his eyes hooded as he pressed closer to Will. Some strands of his hair were plastered to his forehead, sweat glistening there. Will had never seen Hannibal remotely disheveled and loved that he was seeing a whole new side of Hannibal.

Will squeezed Hannibal’s arm, panting. It took longer than he anticipated to put a coherent thought together. “What?”

Hannibal stroked a thumb along Will’s cock, making him shudder. “The Beast of Bray Road.”

No, he wasn't suggesting that, was he? Will tried to picture it in his head and learned his imagination couldn't rise to the challenge. "While we're…."

"Would you rather I not?"

"No," Will replied quickly. "No, I just thought you wouldn't be interested during our first time."

Hannibal smiled. "You finally saw me, Will. Nothing will change that now." He released Will's cock to begin unbuttoning his shirt. It wasn't the first time he'd seen Hannibal half-naked, but it might as well have been. The light hit his skin, defined abs in the contours of Hannibal's lower stomach. Will knew one of his hobbies was swimming, which accounted for the fine shape he was in.

Compared to Will, who mainly ate whatever was convenient and regularly got lost in his research, his frame was a little on the softer side. He was a little reluctant to shed clothes yet.

Realizing he was staring, Will looked away and focused on taking off his socks. If he did one piece of clothing at a time, maybe it wouldn't be so overwhelming. He started when Hannibal pushed aside his hands as they neared the sides of his jeans, his fingers warm against Will's.

"Lay back, Will," Hannibal said, looking amused as Will did as he suggested, his heart racing. Hannibal pushed up his sweater and bent over him, his breath hot on Will's skin. "Raise your arms, please."

The sound of his voice was almost hypnotic, Will risking a glance at Hannibal to see if any sign of his supernatural side was peeking out. Yet he looked completely normal, proving at once that his effect on Will was only because of the feelings he held for Hannibal.

Gone went the sweater and undershirt, folded neatly on the nightstand, leaving Will bare-chested as well. Hannibal's gaze raked over him, satisfaction on his face as he placed his hands on Will's hips, his thumbs slipping underneath the fabric of his underwear.

"Do you trust me?" Hannibal asked, the question one Will had asked himself countless times before finally mustering up the courage to ask Hannibal on this hunt. Of course, there was just one answer to give.

"With everything." His heart, his body. Will had been prepared to die to satiate his curiosity if need be. "After all, you've never hurt me before."

A chuckle. "Given enough time, you might change your mind." Saying so, Hannibal's mouth was suddenly on Will's cock, the hot inside of it a shock to his system. It was immediately clear that his experience with men far outweighed Will's.

The ease and talent of Hannibal's tongue against him had his breath fast lose its rhythm, Will's eyes clenched shut as he tried to ignore the sounds he was making. Every time Will was near completion, Hannibal seemed to sense it, relenting until teasing Will yet more.

Convinced he would go insane before the night was out, Will placed a hand on Hannibal's head, his fingers slipping between the strands of his hair. It was silkier than he expected, the short length something he fisted by accident when Hannibal took Will's cock deeper, his throat muscles growing tight around Will in seconds.

There was a whole new sensation to marvel at as Hannibal hummed, the sound pulsating along Will's cock. A wave of heat crashed through him, nerve endings alight with pleasure, and he was gone. He thrust hard into Hannibal's mouth, remembering to let go of Hannibal's hair when Will came back to himself, panting, sweat dripping from his brow.

Hannibal swallowed around him, the sensation making Will squirm so soon after finishing. He leaned back, Hannibal's eyes glowing a little around the edges as if lit from within. He wiped at his mouth.

"It seems you're even more responsive with me in human form," Hannibal remarked, Will fascinated by the unnatural light in Hannibal's eyes until it faded away. "Interesting."

Will shook his head, boldly slipping off the remainder of his clothes to lay naked before Hannibal. It was just as well, what with being undone with a blowjob. He could only imagine how much more intense everything else would be.

"I mean, it is you. Why wouldn't I enjoy it?" Will replied, Hannibal's pleasure evident in how he eyed Will as he stripped without ceremony, not looking away once.

Both dreading and looking forward to what came next, Will held out one of his hands. It was time to get some good old-fashioned revenge. "Let me have it."

Hannibal stared as he knelt before Will. "What?"

"The lube." Hannibal handed it over after a second of hesitation, and Will was quick to push Hannibal onto his back. He sat down on Hannibal's stomach, making sure his ass brushed the top of Hannibal's cock.

Knowing he was going to be sore the next day from this, Will rose up a little and applied some lubricant to his fingers. He prodded his backside and hissed at the cold liquid that rapidly warmed up on contact with his skin.

Purposely relaxing his muscles, Will pushed in a finger and heard his breath hitch as he hit the spot that he had been looking for. At home, he had toys to use, but Hannibal's cock resting behind him, hot and wet at the tip, was decidedly different. Groaning at the thought and his own bodily manipulation, he added another finger, the pleasure enough to make him daring enough to take a peek at Hannibal.

His breath froze. Hannibal's eyes were deep and dark, his hands tight on Will's hips. The excitement he saw in the unnatural gaze made Will shudder, curious to see how far he could push before Hannibal lost his patience.

Will put out a hand against the bed and lifted himself high enough to put Hannibal's cock against his entrance. He sank down slightly, deep enough to feel the head of Hannibal's cock

briefly stretch his entrance, then gasped as Hannibal seized him around the waist and reversed their positions on the bed.

His cock surged inside Will slightly, maddeningly close to his prostate. Will put his hands on Hannibal's arms and nodded just once. It took no more than that, Hannibal taking Will's express permission to slowly push his way fully inside, rubbing against Will in all the ways that counted. He was glad for the small pause as he got used to the feeling of fullness again. He'd forgotten how good it felt to bottom, to take someone deep inside and make them feel as crazy as he did.

"Hannibal."

Said man looked at him, and Will all but melted at the vulnerability he saw in Hannibal's expression. He knew without exception that only he could make Hannibal look like that.

Will smiled. "Please fuck me."

"Gladly."

Hannibal laughed and took him at his word, shifting his hips back and forth, each stroke of his cock inside Will driving his pleasure higher, tension tight in his lower half. It wouldn't be long before the pleasure would break him.

Will was so focused on Hannibal that the instant the skin underneath his fingers turned hot, he looked down to see dark brown fur that raced to cover Hannibal's body within seconds. His frame became heavy and muscular, the sound of bones cracking and popping echoing throughout the room.

Staring at the dangerously sharp claws that came to rest on the bed against his sides, Will's breath stuttered, a pleasant jolt going down his spine as he realized that Hannibal was giving Will exactly what he wanted: the Beast of Bray Road, live and intimately close.

The moans and groans of Hannibal shifted into low grumblings. His mouth was lined with jagged, white teeth. Large gray ears were fully extended on the side of his head. Even when Will had been with Hannibal in his other shapes, the excitement and novelty of accommodating such creatures had made each experience unique because he never knew what would happen next.

With vibrant golden eyes blazing, Hannibal leaned over him, his breath hot against Will's neck as he opened his jaws and licked Will. The wide, smooth tongue was softer than he expected. Ever so gently, Hannibal placed his teeth against Will's throat and shoulder, the light weight of them making him shiver. If he bit down now, Will would bleed out in no time.

Hannibal growled deeply, the primal sound vibrating along Will's skin from head to toe. A jolt of excitement swept through him, and he couldn't help but groan, Hannibal's precarious grip on his neck keeping him effectively immobilized.

Running his fingers through the fur of Hannibal's back, Will breathed a sigh of relief when Hannibal released him, certain he would have an interesting set of bruises the following day.

His idle thoughts were interrupted, shocked when he became conscious of the fact that the size of Hannibal's cock was changing as well.

The base of it swelled, stretching inside Will, exerting increasing pressure on his prostate. He moaned at the powerful sensation, Hannibal's chest rumbling as he laughed against Will. "Oh, god."

He'd failed to account for basic lupine anatomy, which could leave them bound to one another for more than a half hour. The idea of taking in something so big was both daunting and titillating.

"Not quite," Hannibal replied with a wolfish grin, his voice low, proving he was affected by the proceedings as well. He shifted a tad, showing Will that he was buried nearly to the hilt, Hannibal's knot resting halfway inside him. "Is it too much for you?"

Will panted, unwilling to admit he was a little overwhelmed by the proceedings. How Hannibal managed to still speak must have been down to subtle manipulation of his tongue. "Not yet."

"Good." Hannibal pressed forward a little more, and Will couldn't help writhing in the bed, his breath going off-kilter at the way his body tried to accommodate Hannibal's cock. He gripped Hannibal's forearms, the silky fur under his fingers another attack on his senses.

"Hannibal," Will breathed, hearing the tremor in his voice as he fought to keep it together. "You're amazing."

Hannibal's features went soft as he pulled Will closer, all but hugging him. "I could say the same about you."

Between the cock nestled deep inside him and the frank affection Hannibal freely displayed, Will wished he'd confronted Hannibal far earlier. Then they could have had more nights like this.

Nipping one of Hannibal's ears, Will relished the slight tremble on Hannibal's part. That something so small could have such an effect on him. Feeling daring, Will pushed himself down further and gasped as Hannibal's knot fully popped inside him, locking them together. Every small movement hit the right spot, and Will panted, laying his head against Hannibal's.

Hannibal's eyes closed as his bushy tail swung behind his back, displaying his obvious good mood. He pushed forward, muscles flexing underneath the skin, and Will saw stars, bliss exploding inside him. Furred fingers grasped Will's cock, and he writhed, losing the ability to speak at all. He dug nails into Hannibal's skin and held on for dear life, knowing he'd never experience anything like this with anyone else.

Just as the tension coiled inside him threatened to go, the warm fur against Will melted away, the incredibly tight fit of Hannibal's cock easing along with the werewolf skin he had adopted. Sweat beaded on Hannibal's chest when he bent down and kissed Will, human once again.

One more thrust was all it took to break him; any noise he made muffled against Hannibal's lips. Until Hannibal broke away, grunting, his muscles gone tense and jerky as he experienced his own finish.

Out of breath, Will pressed a kiss to Hannibal's shoulder before pulling away. Coming down from the high was difficult, all the more so because he'd be able to do things in the moment that he would never manage out of it.

"Will?" He turned to see Hannibal with a tissue in hand, Will quickly taking it to clean himself up.

When he settled back into the bed, Hannibal was smiling at him and holding up the covers so he could slip inside them. Nervous for a whole new reason, Will did so, finding now that they were talking again he had what seemed to be countless questions.

"So, how old are you really?" Will asked, certain that if he smoked, he would have gone through half a pack already. As it was, his legs were jelly, and he felt drained in more ways than one.

Hannibal adjusted the sheet over them. "Let's just say I have seen humanity at its worst many times over the centuries."

It was an annoyingly vague answer, but Will didn't begrudge Hannibal for wanting a little privacy yet. His inquisitiveness couldn't be so easily swayed, though. "How long could you survive without food?"

Hannibal blew out a breath. "I don't have to physically eat or drink, but I enjoy the process too much to stop anytime soon." And a fine cook he was indeed, Will reaping the benefits of his needless hobby.

Worried that he wouldn't be able to live up to Hannibal's expectations now that they'd become so close, he was surprised when Hannibal pulled him close. "Please don't worry unnecessarily. You could never disappoint me, Will, no matter how hard you tried."

"H-How did you know what I was feeling?"

"Shapeshifting is merely one of my many talents," Hannibal said, meeting Will's eyes as a shadow moved behind them, his other nature rising to the forefront. "I'm what's known as a slogutis, and our appetites run to the dark side of humanity. Fear, pain, insecurity, it's all very alluring. A hunger I have to assuage at least three times a week."

"And what's that like?" Will asked, captivated by the details of Hannibal's true nature. "Your patients must double as meals."

"Impressive of you to know that," Hannibal replied. "How it feels…have you ever comforted a friend in mourning and had that hard knot in your chest as you empathized with their pain?"

Will nodded, and Hannibal continued with, "Now imagine that each and every human feeling has a flavor and that the negative emotions are deeper like charred meat, deliciously loose on

the bone and dripping with flavor. No one else aware of how alluring the pain is as it simmers beneath the surface, ripe for the taking."

He'd fallen silent, the passion in Hannibal's voice a testament to the fact that, for him, such things were everyday matters like the need to breathe air.

"What if someone wanted to be like you?" Will asked, hoping his voice was innocent enough that Hannibal didn't think it was something that he'd been thinking about ever since suspecting his friend's true nature.

Hannibal's face fell. "I'd advise them that it's not an easy process to undergo and can sometimes result in death. Not to mention, having your fellow humans suddenly become food is not always a pleasant scenario."

The answer hadn't been what Will expected. The way he talked, it was almost as if…
"Hannibal, were you once human?"

"I've always been what I am, Will," Hannibal explained. "I was merely trying to illuminate the difficulties someone might have if they were considering conversion." He sat up in bed. "However, that is an issue that we will not have to deal with for many years yet."

Will pushed the subject further. "But you'd consider it?"

"I would not want to lose you to time, so, yes."

Outside, a long wolf howl sounded, Hannibal looking at Will with a raised eyebrow. "Perhaps there is something to the myth of the Bray Road Beast after all."

"We've still got two more days here," Will reminded him with a grin. "Maybe we can find out."

Hannibal let out a light sigh. "I have a feeling you're going to be even more determined in your hunts now you know that the supernatural exists alongside the world after all."

"And you can't be the only thing out there." Idly, he wondered what other skins he could get Hannibal to adopt in the name of scientific exploration.

Scooting forward a little, Hannibal kissed him lightly. "I am most certainly not, but I'll leave you to discover that fact for yourself."

"Hannibal," Will asked against his lips, unable to believe he was up for more already. "At least give me a hint. Werewolves: yes, or no?"

Leaving his mouth behind, Hannibal made his way down Will's front, the tips of his fingers on Will's thighs. He was dangerously close to Will's cock, an impish look in his eyes. "Do you want an answer now or later?"

Will's breath lodged in his throat. "Uh…" Hannibal closed the short distance between them, and Will promptly forgot what he'd been asking. "L-Later."

It was a choice he did not regret.

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